

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

# 1994

A WARREN MAGAZINE

NO. THIRTEEN

JUNE

TM

**HE HUNTED!  
HE RAVAGED!  
HE KILLED!**

**ALIENS WERE NOT  
HIS FAVORITE  
PEOPLE!**



**SEX, SIN AND IMMORALITY IN THE FAR FLUNG FUTURE!**  
**WITH CASSIOPA SLEDGE, GHITA and CYBERMAN!**



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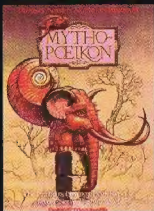


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# 1994

NUMBER THIRTEEN

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## IMAGINARY LOVER 5

The Andreas hit the planet's atmosphere and exploded in a ball of molten flame. All of the fetuses aboard the ship were vaporized instantly. All but one. With powers far beyond those of mortal fetuses!



## CYBERMAN 16

The cancer spread rapidly. Within a month it was attacking my vital organs. In another week, I'd be dead. There was only one chance for survival. To dispose of my body and undergo a brainplant!



## THE CROP 29

The human race was starving. The spring crops had failed. The last of Earth's meager livestock reserves were gone. There was only one way to save humanity before men began feasting on themselves!



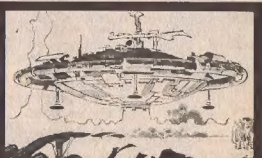
## STARFIRE SAGA 41

The gigantic baseship streaked off the planet with a sudden surge of raw power. Tense alien eyes filled with hate, watched the pirates depart, knowing that at least one body had been left behind to rot!



## GHITA OF ALIZARR 47

The magician watched in horror as the thin ledge crumbled beneath the feet of his beloved Ghita. The golden goddess fell into the pit, into the waiting yaw of the huge, tentacled cave creature . . . Drill!



## TO THE BOTTOM 59

Dr. Klan had a theory. It was a very delicate theory. I concerned black people and white people. Dr. Klan couldn't understand how two such totally different races could descend from the same ancestors!

# incoming telemetry



## OLD-TIME ARTIST A HIT WITH FANS!

**T**he cover of 1994 #12 was the best I've seen on any Warren magazine in quite a long time. It's good to see Sanjulian once again back in the Warren fold. In the past he has given us better, slicker, more exciting art than any of the dozens of other artists who Warren has discovered over the years.

**MICHAEL MURPHY**  
Santa Rosa, Calif.

## 1994: DOING IT'S PART TO ERODE \$?

Am I pissed! For eleven beautiful issues, Warren Publishing has given us eighty fantastic pages of comic art and stories, plus at least one of those stories in full, lush color in every issue of 1994/94. Not to mention the fact that heretofore, fans of the magazine have been spared from the usual deluge of sappy, crappy Warren house advertisements. But with 1994 #12 all that has changed.

The beautiful color section I have come to know and love was gone. The page count dropped from a healthy eighty-pages to a pathetic seventy-two, and the magazine was chock full of those shitty kiddie ads, hacking everything from Dracula dirt necklaces to out-of-print, publishers' remainder editions of cheap-shit science fiction paperbacks. And to make matters worse, though we were given about twenty-pages of comics less than the usual issue of 1994, the price tag remained the same!

No doubt Jim Warren will counter that the aforementioned steps were taken due to world-wide rampant inflation. But when twenty pages are omitted from an eighty-page magazine, the 25% cut in our overall enjoyment is itself an inflated figure of our nation's annual 13% inflation rate. It is intolerable, abhorrent and an out and out insult to loyal readers.

**CARL POTTS**  
Venice, Calif.

## FLEA-BRAIN ABSENT!

1994 #12 was an exquisite issue for a change. It was particularly enjoyable for me because not one story in the entire magazine was penned by that flea-brained hack Rich Margopoulos.

**JOANNIE PESCARA**  
Middleport, Ohio



## ASSAULT ON WRITER'S CHARACTER FOUL

In the letters pages of 1994 #12, there are comments by several of the magazine's alleged "fans," which once again are totally uncalled for.

Letter hack Joan Pescara has made a hobby out of harassing author Rich Margopoulos. The woman, however, doesn't stop at criticizing Margopoulos' stories. She pulls out all the stops and slanders everything from his manhood to his "dubious parentage."

This kind of attack is so unnecessary. Sure, authors like Margopoulos make their living by writing short stories. And as readers, it's our duty to comment on those stories, good or bad. Yet because a man is an author, does that make him fair game for character assassination as well?

Does Pescara assail her milkman's manhood every time he forgets the cream? Does she slander her mailman when the deposits in her box aren't as voluminous as she is accustomed to? What gives her the right to degrade any human being either verbally or in print?

Perhaps Pescara is of the opinion that she can single-handedly degrade, dissuade and disillusion Margopoulos or any other creative talent who doesn't quite suit her fancy. To a certain degree she's correct on that count. A person can only take so much humiliation before he throws up his hands and screams, "Fuck it all!"

1994 has lost one good editor, and I suspect that he resigned for this very reason. The letters pages of the earlier issues are crammed with scathing yet inaccurate assaults on his character. All the Joan Pescaras of the world have to do is keep up the good work. They'll purge the comics once and for all of the meager talents remaining within them.

**DANNY MALDIVE**  
Seattle, Wash.

## NEXT: UNCLE CREEPY IN THE ALTOGETHER?

You know what the main problem is? Warren Publishing underestimates the intelligence of its readers.

In every issue of 1994/94 to date, we've been given blatant jerk-off smut, puerile art and stories designed to stimulate the sexual fantasies of young male readers.

The stories haven't been much, really. Surely not even passable science fiction or adventure. The plots are almost uniformly lackluster or nonexistent, while almost every panel of every story tries (probably with a great deal of success) to entice sexually budding children, through the use of words and pictures, to take things into their own hands, so to speak, for sexual enjoyment!

Look at the pathetic offerings in 1994 #12. The lead story, "The Seed," concerns itself with nothing but fucking. Oh sure, it's intergalactic fucking between a myriad of interstellar beings. So that makes it all right?

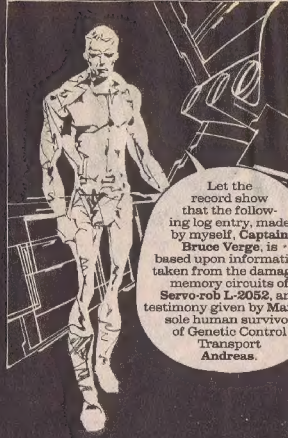
"The Starfire Saga" is so riddled with slick sexual innuendoes that it's almost like a premature ejaculation: over before it's even begun! Author Will Richardson and illustrator Rudy Nebres outdid themselves with this particular installment, however. They managed not only a grand literary allusion to masculine buggery with their twisted, putrid little alien living inside the body of the character Drago, but they also had our heroine, Steamer Starfire, gangbanged. And in her sleep, yet.

As bad as all that was, you've got to go some to beat this issue's installment of Ghita of Alkazz. We not only have out and out blatant balling, but we're given the granddaddy of all phallic symbolism in the form of the great cave god Drill; a god in the visage of a formidable masculine member!

It must be obvious to everyone what Jim Warren is trying to do. He wants to bolster sagging magazine sales by filling up at least one of his books with cover to cover sex. Sex sells. There's no question about it. And if Warren gets away with selling 1994's shameless tripe to all of his little readers, you can bet your ass that we'll soon see Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eerie huckstering their wares in the altogether!

**A.E. MATTERN**  
Knoxville, Tenn.



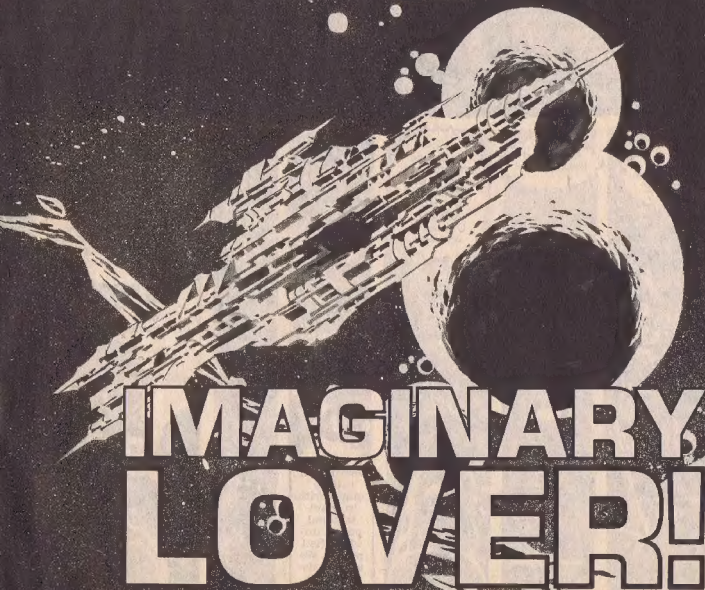


Let the record show that the following log entry, made by myself, **Captain Bruce Verge**, is based upon information taken from the damaged memory circuits of **Servo-rob L-2052**, and testimony given by **Marx-7**, sole human survivor of Genetic Control Transport **Andreas**.



Federation records show that the **Andreas** warped out of the **Orion Star System** on **Standard Reckoning 7710**, its destination listed as the **Kilger Mining System**.

There were no human crew members aboard the **Andreas**. A central computer system controlled the ship, along with some ambulatory **Servo** units to perform maintenance duties.



# IMAGINARY LOVER!



The Andreas' cargo consisted of five hundred human fetuses, half male and half female. These fetuses were to be programmed for mining duties, and would have been used to replace the present work force in the Kiger System upon reaching maturity.

The Andreas has been officially listed as lost in space by Federation record books. If only a fraction of the following story is true then that ship and its sole survivor became a part of the most bizarre events ever to transpire since man first ventured beyond his home planet.

According to the information obtained from Servo-rob L-2052, the crisis began when the Andreas was damaged in a sudden meteor shower!

Servo-rob L-2052... report to the nursery at once!

Code Red Emergency!

Ship's guidance system damaged by meteor impact. Situation critical. Unable to correct!

Vessel veering off course, caught within gravitational pull of unidentified planet. We are unable to break away! Collision imminent!

Servo-rob L-2052, you are to place as many of the young masters as possible into protective crash canisters. See to their safety until rescue assistance arrives. This order supercedes all preceding programming!

Orders understood.

There was little time, far too little time to insure the safety of all five hundred fetuses.

In seconds, the planet's dense atmospheric pressure was crushing the dense metal hull.

The craft was a mass of molten metal before it was less than a hundred miles from the surface.

The molten fireball exploded fifty miles from touchdown!

And there was little more than undeniable scrap by the time what remained of the ship carcassed the alien world.

The ship hit the planet's atmosphere doing better than five g's.



Miraculously, a functional Servo L-2022 pulled itself out of the wreckage.

Gone! All of the young masters destroyed! I... I have failed my programmers!

There is nothing left but to—!

It was then that Servo noticed one only slightly-damaged crash canister!

A... a canister! If only one of the young masters were within its protective grasp!

Y-young master! He... he lives.

On this strange, uncharted alien world Servo found purpose. He knew he could forage food and shelter from the wreckage and preserve and protect the child until help arrived.

The fetus was of the Marx series, designed to mature in five standard Terran years.

Can the chatter, Servo. Why don't ya go out and rust or something?

Man just look at those cannons! How I'd love to suckle down on those!

Try to raise a son right, and what do you get? A degenerate! It's enough to make my circuits short out!

So the child grew rapidly. And within a period of just a few short years the Servo-rob suffered the same indignities that most parents must endure in a lifetime!

Marx, you would be better served scanning the instruction tapes than viewing these erotic 3-D's meant for the prison guards on Beta G-7.

At this rate you will not be suited for your chosen occupation when rescue arrives.



**Yes, Marx-7 grew rapidly.** Too rapidly to suit the confused Servo-rob whose programming had only been geared to handle infants.

He's about as useless as a greased prick lately. I'd tell him to blow it out his exhaust tubes if I didn't need him to recharge the 3-I projector all the time.

Geez, I wish that Servo could have saved one of those **female** fetuses, too. I don't know **why** but females are all I can **think** of lately. If I'm not rescued soon, I swear I'll go blind!

Marx-7 must have closed his eyes and dozed. But when he **awoke**, he swears, he was confronted with the visage of an **angel**.

Are  
you?

How did you get here, big boy?

Me? I've been here all along. How did you get here?

I grew up here. A Servo-rob raised me when my ship crash-landed on this planet.

Holy shit!  
So did mine!

Gosh!  
You're  
different!

So  
are  
you

I have never detected the presence of another **being** on this world.

I'm certain there were no other survivors from the *Andreas*.

And there's only one other possibility. But to confirm it I'll have to cannibalize some of the equipment and run a few tests.

I wonder  
what Servo's  
up to?

That old  
pile of junk?  
Who cares?

I'm more interested in what you're up to!

God damn!  
How come I  
get so big  
every time I  
watch one of  
those 3-D  
tapes? Wish  
Servo would  
explain it  
to me!

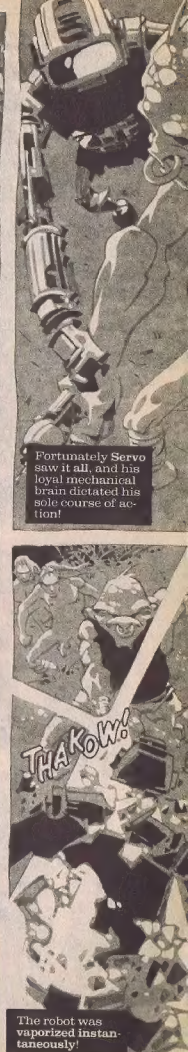
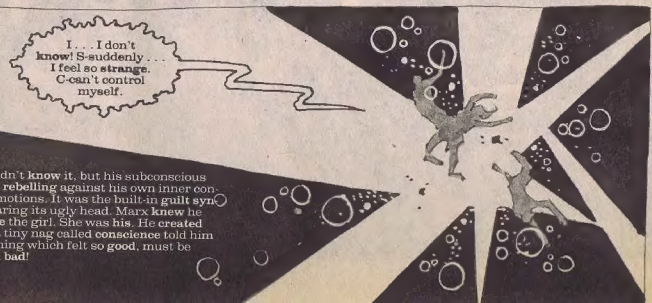
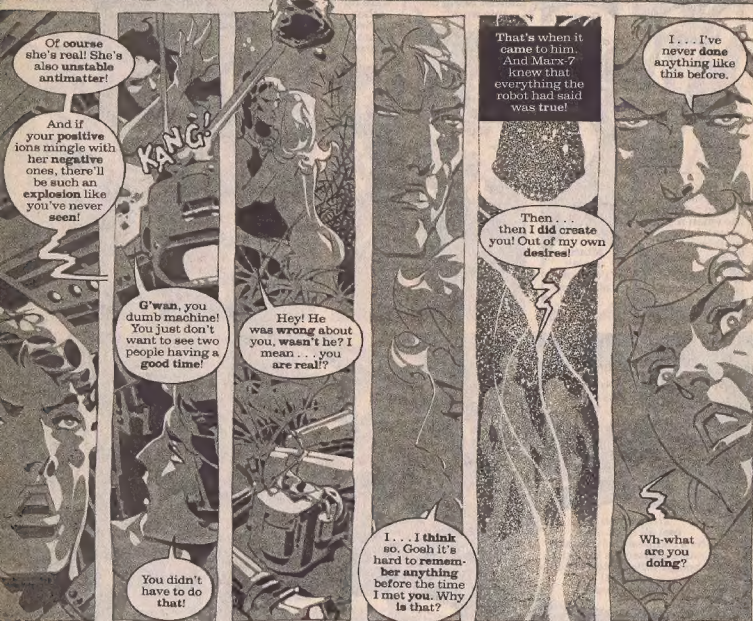
H-holy shit!  
Wha—? How—?  
Are . . . are  
you real?

You  
are!

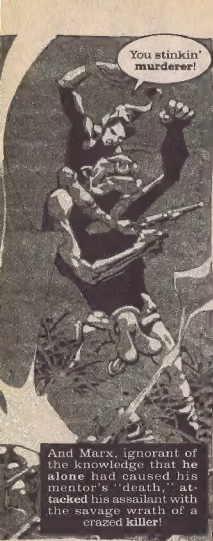
The woman is  
real all right. But  
she's composed of unstable  
negative matter! As though . . .  
as though willed into existence  
by a powerful but  
unstable force!

Oh no! I was afraid of this!





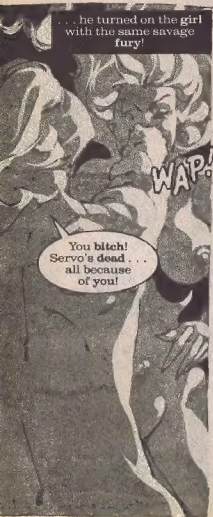




And Marx, ignorant of the knowledge that he alone had caused his mentor's "death," attacked his assailant with the savage wrath of a crazed killer!



It never occurred to the youth that he had only to will the creature out of existence!



We found Marx-7 attempting to repair Servo-rob L-2062. From all indications he had been attempting to repair the robot for the past thirty Terran years.

The story Marx-7 told us, is, of course, ridiculous. The power to will objects into being is an age-old, impossible dream!

It is my belief that the boy, in a rage of temporary insanity brought about by lack of human companionship, went berserk and destroyed his only companion.

In a feeble attempt to save what little sanity he had left, he fabricated the story about the woman and the monster being.

I've just finished a complete examination of Marx-7.

So?

I am positive that the ship's psychologist will confirm this after finishing his examination of the subject.

Don't be so sure, Captain... I think the boy's telling the truth!

What makes you say that?

The boy is suffering from an advanced case of V.D.

Apparently his perfect lover wasn't as perfect as he'd dreamed!



If pressed on the issue I'll freely admit I'm a Transmech! I'd rather not, though, as transmechs are probably the most unpopular life forms in the galaxy! We're despised and reviled from the rim to the core!

The most dignified term to describe me such as I am Cyberman! Or Cyberperson as my liberated wife zealously insists! Still, any way you slice it, we mechanoids occupy the bottom rung of the social totem pole!

We Transmechs came into being back in the divinely decadent 30s and 40s. It was the so-called "in" thing then to undergo a brainplant!

Chic humans who could afford it, and quite a few rogue alien, experienced eternity by having their crucial matter transplanted from their former organic bodies and hot wired into gleaming new titanium-shelled cybernetic robots.

# CYBERMAN!

Author RICH MARGOPOULOUS Illustrator DELANNO NINO

Melt 'em into scrap!  
Recycle them!  
Recycle them!

You metal freaks can escape death, but not taxes!

THE  
"N MAN!"

Hey, scrapman, I heard your mutha was a zero gee pay toiler! Ha! Ha!

For the first dozen decades or so, things were pretty nice. But fluid heterogeneous conveniences and conveniences are, to say the least, culturally fields! The things that people love to death today.

they hate with a passion tomorrow! Cybermen were no longer an envious oddity to be gawked over by an admiring public! Transmechs were an easy scapegoat to be rejected by the huddled and muddled masses. We were a mechanized minority who now only garnered bitter scorn and terrible abuse!

Hold that pose, C-man!

Would you say a few words for the folks back on Andromeda, Cy?

Sure! Brainplant's where it's at!

Oh wow! Profit!

Like I said it was a fad!

It wasn't that way with me, though!

I was! Hollywood's top Tri Dea stuntman I was also slowly rotting from cancer, living a slow death as my body devoured itself cell by motherfucking cell!

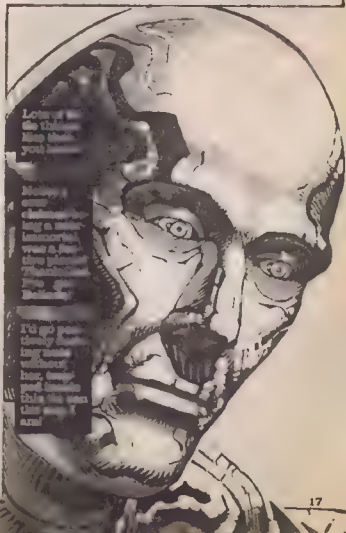
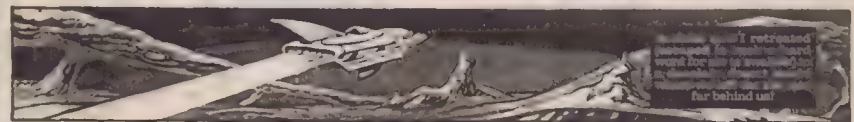
I hooked everything I had and bought a brainplant! Belinda did too!

She opted to stay at my side for love while I meekly opted to survive!

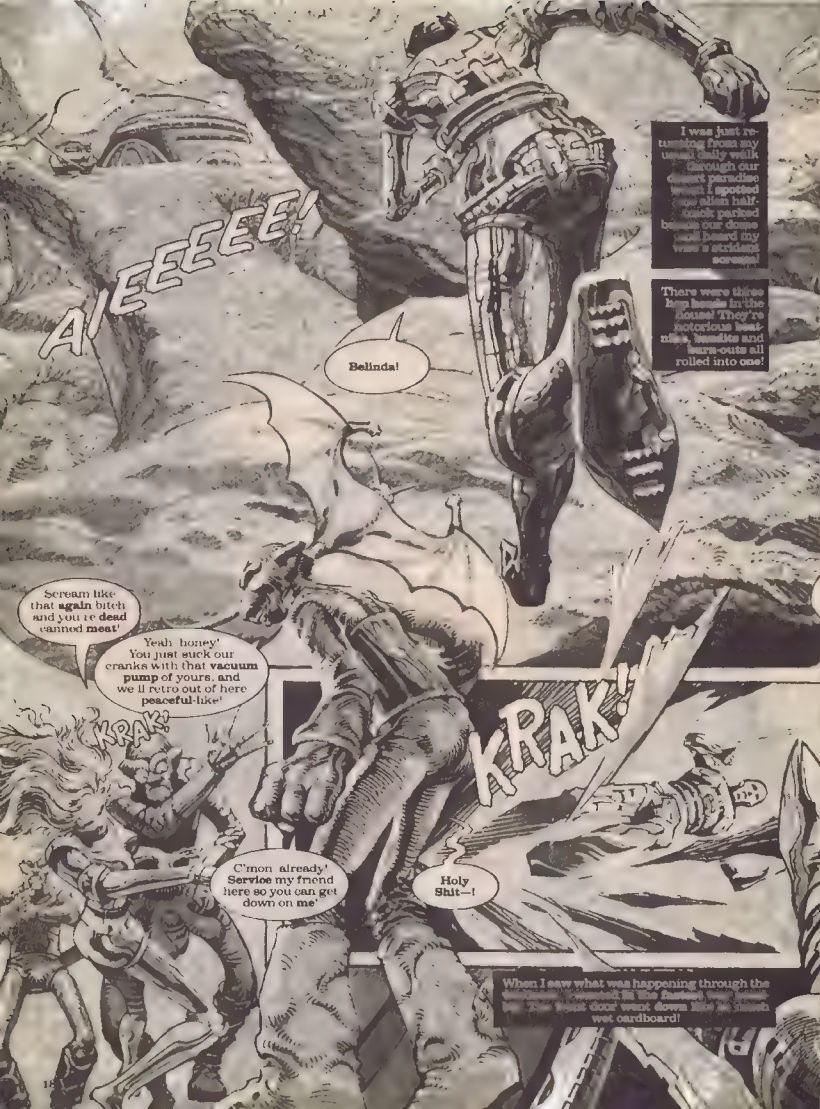
Now we have all the time in the world to ourselves. We also have peace, tranquility and perhaps most important of all, love.

There are some things I suppose I'll always miss. Simple things like enjoying a rich cup of steaming black coffee, the fragrant scent of a cool midnight breeze, the salty taste of eating hot slick pussy while getting off on the low feminine moans that come in response, and feeling my wife's sweet lips pressed against my own!

I retreated to the mountains, far behind us!







AIEEEEEEE!

Belinda!

Scream like that again bitch and you're dead canned meat!

Yeah honey! You just suck our cranks with that vacuum pump of yours, and we'll retro out of here peaceful-like!

KRAK!

C'mon already! Service my friend here so you can get down on me

Holy Shit—!

When I saw what was happening through the window I was shocked! In the distance, two men were... The beast does want down into the desert wet cardboard!

I was just returning from my usual daily walk through our desert paradise when I spotted some alien half-trucks parked between our domes and heard they were a strange scream!

There were three big beams in the house! They're notorious heat-niks, needles and burn-outers all rolled into one!

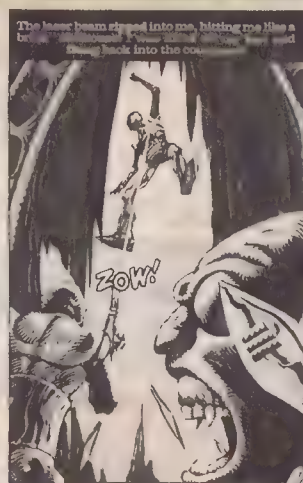


Lee help me!

ZAK!

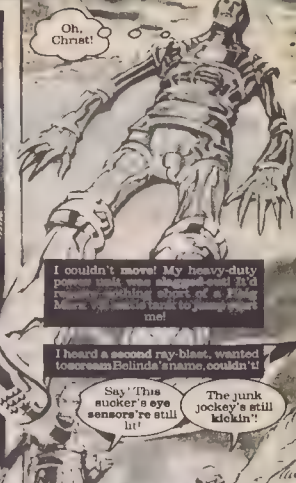
Yeah, Lee Come and get it! We are!

My tormentors then came out and leered down at me. Inwardly I flinched, sensing impending annihilation



The laser beam ripped into me, hitting me like a brick! I was killed and my body was thrown back into the crowd!

ZOW!



Oh, Christ!

I couldn't move! My heavy-duty power suit was plugged and it'd ruined anything short of a F-16! My only way to jump right me!

I heard a second ray-blast, wanted to scream Belinda's name, couldn't!

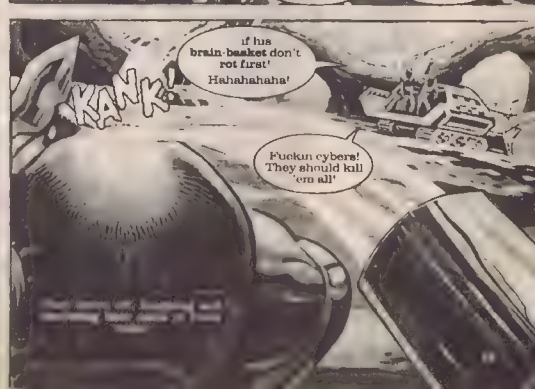
Say! This sucker's eye sensors're still lit!

The junk jockey's still kickin'!



Leave 'im be! Immobile like that he's as good as dead!

Besides, the next down-pour of acid rain'll corrode his wire guts out



if his brain-basket don't rot first! Hahahahaha!

Fuckin cybers! They should kill 'em all!



I was sprawled under  
the bleeding sun all  
day long that day.  
I wasn't hurt,  
but I couldn't move.

Butter sweet  
memories of  
a beautiful  
shared  
lifetime  
cann  
rueblad  
back unbid  
den

Remember  
when I said  
there were no  
lot of little  
things I  
missed  
Crying like  
a baby was  
one I forgot  
to mention

I didn't  
realize it un  
til that mo  
ment I had  
all this pent  
up grief bot  
tled withi  
me, and  
there was  
no fuckin  
way to get i  
out

I found her! Her brains were splattered all over the floor!

Gently I picked her up and cradled her in my arms! I'm not sure for how long it must've been quite a while!

20 MINO DELAND '56

20 MINO DELANCO

Ashes to ashes, rust to rust.

I buried Belinda next to her flower garden! The cactus was all she wanted.

Those murdering bastard  
hog heads made the big-  
gest damn mistake of their  
scum-sucking lives when  
they didn't melt me on the  
spot!

Maybe I couldn't weep  
because I'd traded in my  
humanity for immortality

But I still had my soul!

And I could hate with a  
fucking vengeance!

My vow was short, sweet  
and to the point! I'd die a  
patch jobby my singed car-  
cubry, and set out on a  
mission of revenge with a  
woven cloak of spun glass  
for protection from the sul-  
fer rains!

But I still had my soul!

And I could hate with a fucking vengeance!

My vow was short, sweet and to the point! I did a fast patch job on my singed circuitry, and set out on a mission of revenge with a seven cloak of sun glass for protection from the solar rain!

And I could hate with a fucking vengeance!

My vow was short, sweet and to the point! I did a fast patch job on my singed cuirtruy, and set out on a mission of revenge with a woven cloak of spun glass for protection from the sun for rains!

My vow was short, sweet and to the point! I did a fast patch job on my singed circuitry, and set out on a mission of revenge with a woven cloak of spun glass for protection from the sulfer rains!

\_\_\_\_\_

A black and white comic book panel. A large, muscular alien with a chest-mounted device is shown from the waist up, flexing its arms. A speech bubble next to it contains the text: "Alien bloodsuckers! I'll kill you all!" The alien has a small, horned head and a determined expression. The background is dark and textured.

delicate and so  
distant!

I traversed desert wastelands, climbed mountains, and clambered down can-  
yons! Violent storms pelted me, rending my gleaming steel armor down to bare metal!

Trudged through salt flats,  
walked under a blazing sun,  
rested almost next my ancient  
bones and endured the bitter  
taste of stinging acid  
thunderstorms... all for the  
love of Belinda.

I sat here, wondering  
if I had swished, with  
my joints squeal-  
ing, away with every  
move I made!

21

...passed through salt flats,  
walked under a shining sun  
and always wore my constant  
boots and carried the bitter  
taste of slinking and  
thumping... all for the  
love of Belinda.

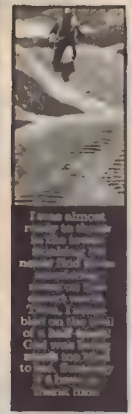
I was wondering  
how much I could  
take. My joints squeal.  
I'm covered with  
sweat. I made!

21

...back, wandering  
...research, with  
...joint spinal  
...with every  
...I made!

21





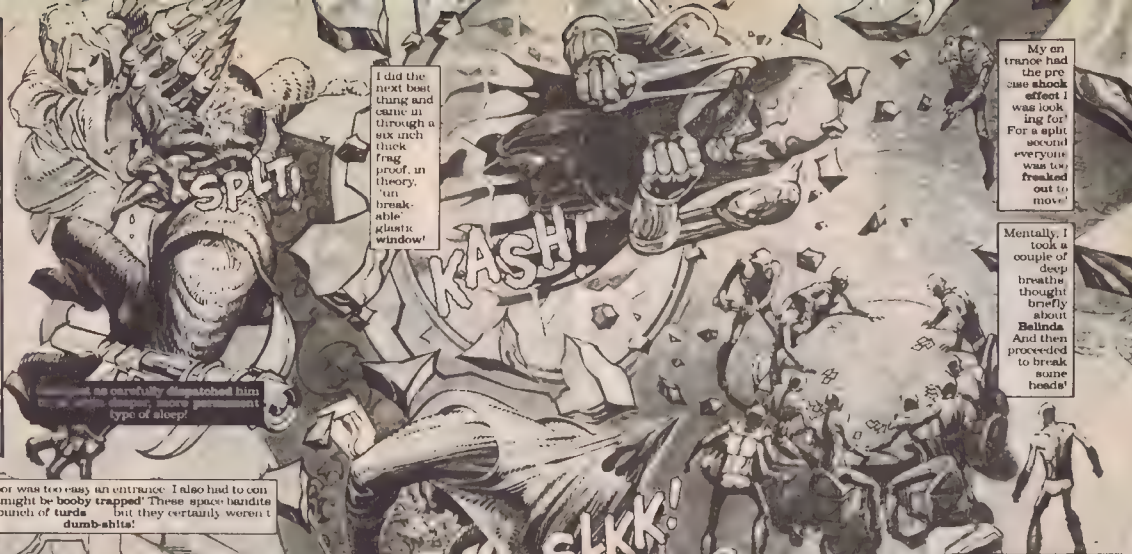
I was almost  
ready to  
blame the  
noise for  
my lack of  
focus. But  
then I  
noticed the  
blatant  
stupidity of  
a half dozen  
of my fellow  
toys. They  
were all  
looking at  
the same  
thing. It  
wasn't  
until I  
looked  
down that  
I realized  
what they  
were  
looking at.



I was almost  
ready to  
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the same  
thing. It  
wasn't  
until I  
looked  
down that  
I realized  
what they  
were  
looking at.



A lone hoppy was  
in the  
line of sight.  
I was almost  
ready to  
blame the  
noise for  
my lack of  
focus. But  
then I  
noticed the  
blatant  
stupidity of  
a half dozen  
of my fellow  
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were all  
looking at  
the same  
thing. It  
wasn't  
until I  
looked  
down that  
I realized  
what they  
were  
looking at.



I did the  
next best  
thing and  
came in  
through a  
six inch  
thick  
frag  
proof, in  
theory,  
'un-  
break-  
able'  
glass  
window!

My en-  
trance had  
the pre-  
cise shock  
effect I  
was look-  
ing for!  
For a split  
second  
everyone  
was too  
freaked  
out to  
move!

Mentally, I  
took a  
couple of  
deep  
breaths,  
thought  
briefly  
about  
Belinda.  
And then  
proceeded  
to break  
some  
heads!

Inside, all sorts of wild scuffling was in progress. Gun-  
bling, drinking, sloping and whoring. The sound of  
the mill behavior, one would expect from a place of staged  
interstellar thrill killers.

The front door was too easy an entrance. I also had to con-  
sider that it might be booby trapped! These space handits  
might be a bunch of turds... but they certainly weren't  
dumb-shits!

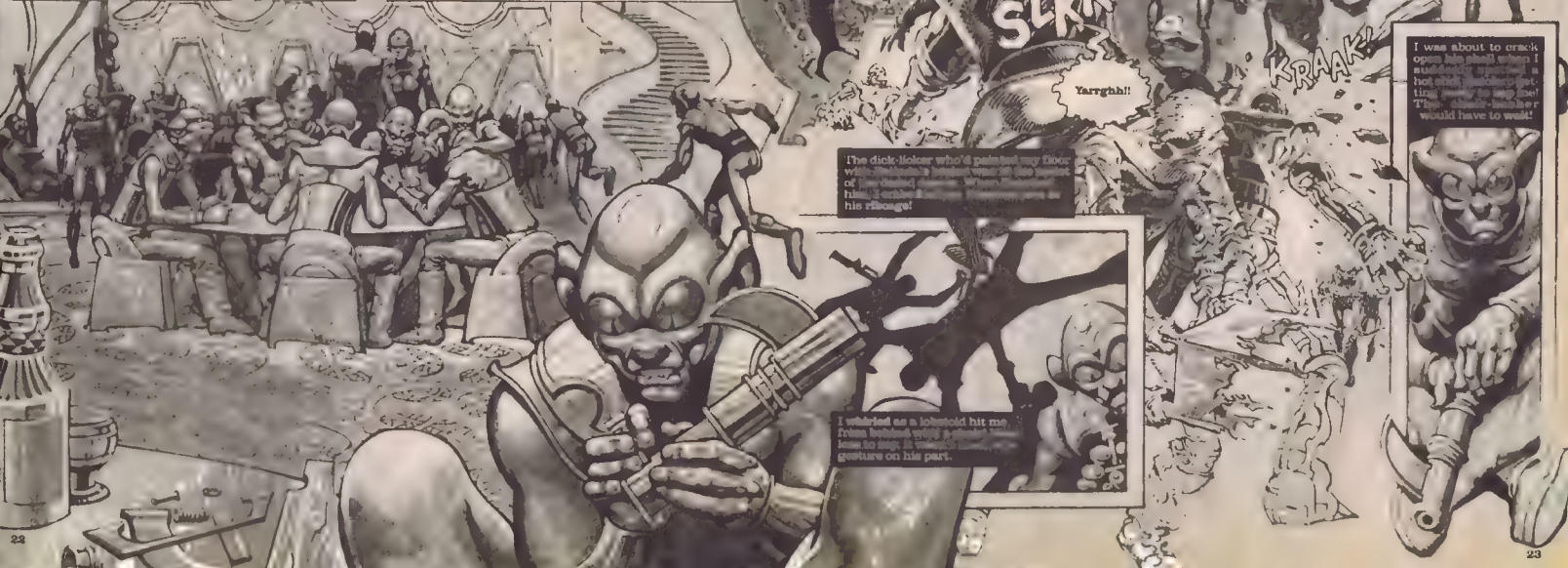
The dick-blower who'd painted my floor  
was... I was almost  
ready to  
blame the  
noise for  
my lack of  
focus. But  
then I  
noticed the  
blatant  
stupidity of  
a half dozen  
of my fellow  
toys. They  
were all  
looking at  
the same  
thing. It  
wasn't  
until I  
looked  
down that  
I realized  
what they  
were  
looking at.

Yarrghh!

KRAAK!

I was about to crack  
open his head when I  
saw... I was almost  
ready to  
blame the  
noise for  
my lack of  
focus. But  
then I  
noticed the  
blatant  
stupidity of  
a half dozen  
of my fellow  
toys. They  
were all  
looking at  
the same  
thing. It  
wasn't  
until I  
looked  
down that  
I realized  
what they  
were  
looking at.

I whistled as a forehead hit me.  
I was almost  
ready to  
blame the  
noise for  
my lack of  
focus. But  
then I  
noticed the  
blatant  
stupidity of  
a half dozen  
of my fellow  
toys. They  
were all  
looking at  
the same  
thing. It  
wasn't  
until I  
looked  
down that  
I realized  
what they  
were  
looking at.





I relieved him of his weapon in the most expeditious way possible, taking his hand and arm along with it! I had no time for martial finesse!

Back to Mister Chair. Thereafter, this time he used to grab me with an iron crowbar. Not very imaginative on his part!

I hacked through his skull with a force three karate chop! Not very imaginative of me, either!

WIK!

KLURCH!

WHOM!

Things were just starting to get warmed up! According to the same scenario, I'd have duked it with the bad guys a full sixty seconds!

Reinforcements, doing god-knows-what upstairs and looking very much surprised that a sole cyber was wreaking such havoc below, came rushing down yelping and yelling and packing some very heavy metal!

There were too many guns for me to handle at once: hand lasers, slazers, zee-beamers... the whole bit!

There were other dopers with shivs, blasters and atomizers coming at me from every part of the room. I guess they thought that numbers alone could bring me down. I showed them how wrong they were!

So, I gripped the stairway superstructure, gave it a hard wrench and rejoiced as I heard the rewarding pop of snapping bolts as it ripped free of the wall.

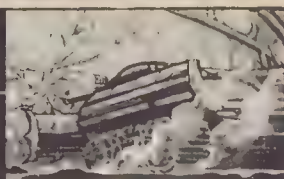
Then, in another demonstration of my... I heard the rewarding pop of snapping bolts as it ripped free of the wall.

ALVIN DRUMMOND





Suddenly, the wall behind me started to vibrate. Not that I really noticed it. I was too busy trying to get my arm out. I was too busy trying to get my arm out.



I was stuck and my arm was stuck. I was stuck and my arm was stuck. I was stuck and my arm was stuck.

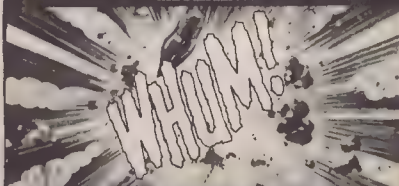
I could not move. I was stuck and my arm was stuck. I was stuck and my arm was stuck. I was stuck and my arm was stuck.



I couldn't get my arm out. I couldn't get my arm out. I couldn't get my arm out. I couldn't get my arm out.



There're not enough people in the world to do this. There're not enough people in the world to do this. There're not enough people in the world to do this.



Just as the damned thing fired! The high-energy backblast was so strong it blew me off my feet and the dome around it halfway to Alpha Centauri!

I dragged myself outside. It was a relief. I was a relief. I was a relief. I was a relief.

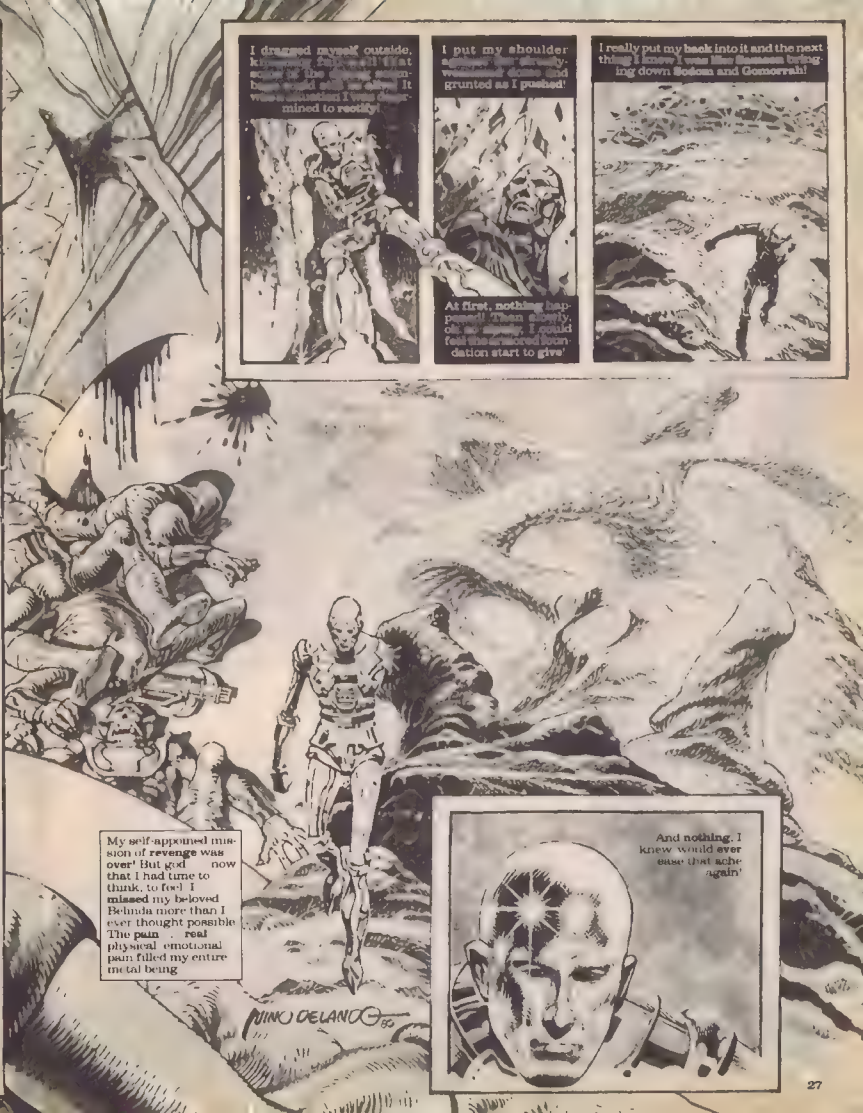


I put my shoulder against the wall and grunted as I pushed!

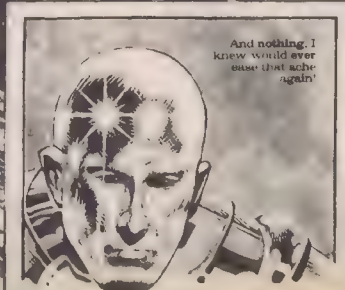


At first, nothing happened. Then slowly, the wall began to give. I could feel the structure start to give.

I really put my back into it and the next thing I knew I was like a cannon firing down Sodan and Gonsorrah!



My self-appointed mission of revenge was over! But god, now that I had time to think, to feel, I missed my beloved Belinda more than I ever thought possible. The pain - real physical, emotional pain, filled my entire mental being.



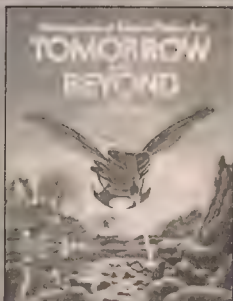
And nothing. I knew would ever ease that ache again!



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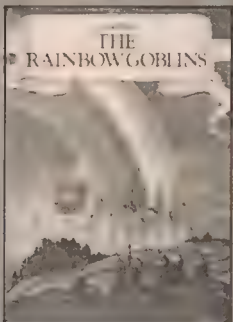
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Listen to me! I am insane! I am insane!  
I have witnessed horrors no  
man could conceive!



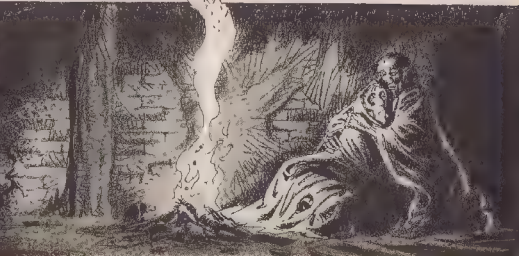
# THE CROP!

My name...? My name is  
**Jonathan Christian Feather**. By  
trade I am a worker of men. I am  
foreman in Middlemarch's best  
laundry.

It is here, within the blackest  
pit of my mind, was lost time. It  
is here where the horrors which  
have haunted me began.

And yet, like all about me, I was  
too ignorant to see things as they  
were. Too ignorant for far too long.

It was not that long ago that I wal-  
lowed miserably in my ignorance,  
unemployed and suffering along  
with the rest of the world in the  
worst winter famine that earth had  
ever known!



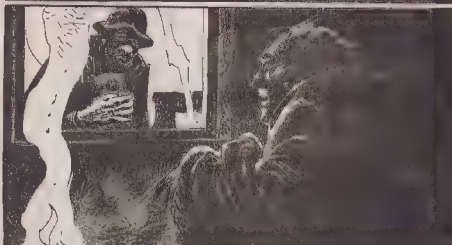
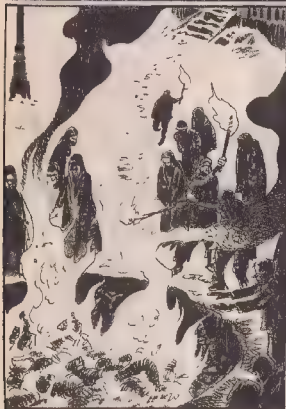


Like everyone, I faced the hardships of bitter cold and gnawing hunger and despite losing Shanny, the only woman I'd ever loved, I doubtless braved the winter better than most.



They said some thirty percent of the world's twenty billion people died that winter. And those who didn't freeze or starve, wished beyond all else that they could have!

Living space was so much in demand, that no sooner was my wife lain in her community grave, than the government sent me boards to take her place.



Hieronymus Pappi Larkin wasn't nearly as pretty as Shanny, not as warm on these long winter nights. He appeared at my door a humble, stooped shadow of a man. His ragged hat was in his hands, and a lifetime of possessions were stripped, his crumpled paper.



He insisted that I suffer no inconveniences on his account, and he offered to sleep in the kitchen. . . "by the fire, if at all possible," he added as a meek afterthought.



Those first months with Pappy were utter hell! The winter cold slowly gave way to the warmth of spring, but there was little food to quell the poisonous pang of hunger that ate incessantly at our insides.



But the spare bedroom Shanny and I had meant for our unborn children was empty . . . and as I explained to the old man that was his rear of gratitude welling in to his eyes.



There simply was not sufficient food available to adequately feed the twenty billion mouths who screamed out in agonized hunger.



And to make matters worse, the spring rains, which were needed to water the crops, were totally inadequate. The result was the most severe drought in over a century.



Those were the months when what was left of earth's integrity and resources were slaughtered to hold a world-wide famine at bay.



And even then, there was simply not enough food to feed the twenty billion mouths who screamed out in agonized hunger.



If it hadn't been for the desperate solution of using the earth's resources, humanity would have been completely destroyed. The only way to survive was to use the earth's resources, until there was nothing left, and it had consumed it's entire body!



Like all things in science, the answer to the world's hunger was painfully obvious, and it was a not one that the world of humanity had it created an entire industry, which put billions of idled laborers to work!





**Cloning!** Entire organisms were grown from only one cell of an animal! The brains of the world collaborated with the governments and began cultivating millions of heads of fresh livestock... all provided theoretically from the billions of cells of a lone donor animal.



Naturally, it took months for those first beef cells to grow large enough for the... **Nations of people started waiting for that first clone of a meal!**



But when the first meat crop was harvested, mankind knew it was saved! We had staved off hunger forever and celebrated by gorging ourselves on innumerable veal steaks!



Right after that first harvest is when I learned about the... **of Middle East.**



They started me off as a "sludger," sweeping the gutted carcasses of freshly slaughtered herds down sewer holes in the gutting room floor.

The sewers led to mammoth vats, where they were boiled down, the guts... **beef clone lard.**



What remained after the lard had been skimmed and packed, was dumped into the fertilizer pits and processed for the crop farmers. **Nothing was wasted in the entire cloning product!**





A black and white illustration of a large crowd of people running down a long, straight path, possibly a runway or a street, towards the viewer. The path is flanked by buildings and structures, and the crowd is dense, suggesting a mass movement or escape.



In truth, the clones were not "killed" until they reached the gutting rack. And often, even then, it was in doubt, for many of the gutters would swear that a sorrowful, almost human look of sorrow would confront the clone's features as they watched their guts spill to the floor.



By my third year in the packinghouse, I was promoted to foreman, and given the entire "front stage" of the plant to oversee. It was my job to insure smooth efficiency from the blinding beams to the gutting racks. And I must confess, I took a deep pride in both my work and my position.



Of course, by the third year, many had forgotten how the scientists had saved the world from hunger. New-found prosperity dulled the memory of the once-rampant agony, and many criticized the packing plants for their profit-oriented ways.



One of the severest critics of both the now-wealthy scientists and packing plant inhumanity, was Pappy Larkin. In our three years together, we had become inseparable. Pappy had been unable to find employment, due chiefly to his encumbering age. So he became a sort of live-in sage on a housekeeper.



When he was not cleaning or cooking, Pappy would read all he could obtain on the subject of cloning. Pappy became the neighborhood authority on clones, and he, in turn, passed his learning to me, whether I wanted to hear or not.

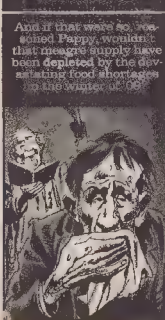


I learned, for instance, that the cell which bred each clone had to come from a living animal. No cells could be taken from a clone to breed additional clones.



This meant, Pappy clarified, that in order for humankind to feed upon beef for all time, there would always have to be a healthy herd of cows somewhere, from which the chosen cells could be taken.

But Pappy further quoted government pamphlet DA 1884, printed in the fall of 2008, warning that the world's beef resources were dangerously near extinction.



And if that were so, reasoned Pappy, wouldn't that mean supply have been depleted by the devastating food shortages in the winter of '09?

I agreed with Pappy's reasoning, yet, adamantly protested that there must be a herd of cattle somewhere! How else could the beef clones be grown?





The more he studied, the more paranoid Pappy became about the clones. It took nine months for one cell to reach budding size, Pappy claimed. Clone "buds" could be harvested then, but their meat yield was no more than that of a good sized chicken, or a newborn human infant! It was an awfully small harvest for a nine month wait!



Another year "in the tubes" and the clones would reach twenty pounds, or roughly the size of a year old baby!

Two years, and the beef clones would be approximately thirty-five pounds, the size of a two year old child! While a two year old steer often weighed in excess of three hundred pounds!



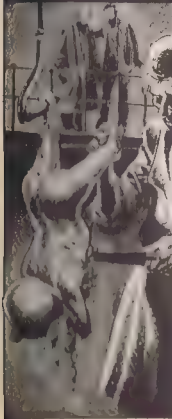
The size discrepancy was one of which all the peckers were aware. And it was simply taken for granted as an imperfection within the otherwise perfect science of cloning.



But to Pappy, this discrepancy had a far more sinister meaning. And he never failed to seize an opportunity to convince me that the clones being grown for food were not cattle at all, but baby human beings!



To a small degree, the young clones did resemble maturing humans. Yet, this was because of limitations within the cloning process which made the clones parodies of the very animals from which they had been created?



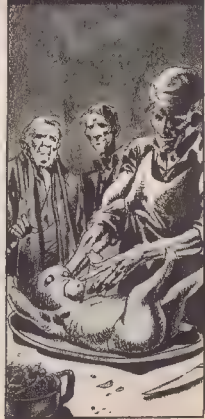
The clones "hooves," for example, never hardened to the consistency of a steers'. They remained soft, pliant, almost like human appendages. But never so human as to develop fingers or opposable thumbs.



The coat, too, was smooth, never fully developing hair. It remained much like that of a cow fetus, or an Pappy was fond of pointing out, like baby cow skin.



The clone's facial features were the subject of extensive debate for Pappy and me. The nostrils were underdeveloped, either cattle or human were more like those of a cow. They were merely holes in a smooth, uneven face.





Teeth and ears were non-existent, while a clone's mouth was as flat and as indistinguishable as the half-human, half-animal shape of its head.



"But the eyes are the tell-tale key," demanded Pappy. "There is intelligence within those eyes... human intelligence!" Yet, this argument held no sway with me. For how often had I looked into a dog's eyes, back when there were dogs, and seen that same glint of obvious intelligence?

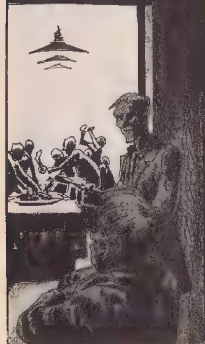


No, I simply didn't want to believe what Pappy was preaching. His theories were too ghastly to even imagine.



He was convinced that the scientists were creating humanity's food supply from humanity itself!

Naturally, Pappy's conjecture disturbed me, and I thanked him to keep his opinions of clones to himself. He agreed, on the condition that I purchase no more meat for his plate. And with that pact, I gained momentary peace of mind, and Pappy became a strict vegetarian.



It was several months after Pappy had shared his theories with me when the first clone catastrophe struck.

It had been business as usual at the packing plant. The fields appeared in good order, and humankind believed itself to have a plentiful supply of meat for the approaching winter.



I was on the gutting racks, watching my men working as briskly as always, when all hell broke loose, thundering right down upon my shoulders!



Jurgis Rudkis, one of my gutters, buried his knife into a three-year-old. As the creature's steaming entrails slipped into the floor, Jurgis let out a wild, unholy scream!



The entire shop dropped their work to stare in horror at that which lay in a writhing pile at Jurge's feet.

Worms! Foot-long, disease-ridden, black, catenoid tapeworms wove in and out of the clone's pulsating digestive tract!



They had eaten the clone alive! And since the pitiful creature could feel no pain, no sensation whatsoever, it had never even known.



Waves of nausea spilled over the men. Backs stood in motionless terror, watching the squirming revulsions at their feet. Trying to force back my own rising sickness, I grabbed Jurge's blood-soaked knife...



...and in a blur of motion, gutted the clone before anyone could react!

To my horror, worm-infested organs oozed to the floor! The vile parasites writhed grotesquely in pools of blood and gore!



Federal meat inspectors closed the packing house that afternoon. The workers were sent home so that the authorities might investigate the





When the plant reopened the next morning, the cloning pens were still and the men stood idle. There was no meat to process, and each of the supervisors were called to an emergency briefing.

It was explained that the clone crops had been infected by a parasitic contagion. There was, suddenly, an ominous stillness that had been an-  
 on the crops.



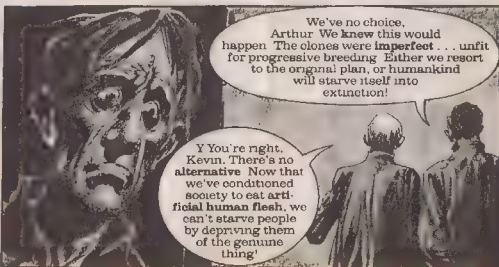
I was told that the clones were a waste of time and money, and I was behind a convenient time in time only to see what was going on any



The clones were not working, and the plant was a mess. The infection could be found in the meantime, however, there would be no meat, and no work. All of the clones had



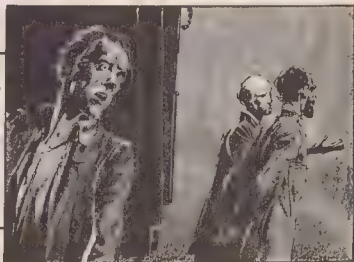
It was then that I heard something never intended for the ears of a common laborer. Two of the scientists, two of the saviors of mankind, obviously weary and off-guard from an all-night vigil of inspecting the crops, conversed freely, never realizing that I was within earshot.



Workers were again sent home. This time, with no hope of returning to their jobs, and no hope of finding meat for their families after the long, cold winter.

I, too, departed, only to sleep and stare outside the gates of the second-year fields.

The crops in which I had once taken so much pride were now a mass of encrusted worm-eaten sludge!



We've no choice, Arthur. We knew this would happen. The clones were imperfect... unfit for progressive breeding. Either we resort to the original plan, or humankind will starve itself into extinction!

Y You're right, Kevin. There's no alternative. Now that we've conditioned society to eat artificial human flesh, we can't starve people by depriving them of the genuine thing!

To save humanity  
we must tap the largest  
single source of food man  
has ever known

Man  
himself!

This was the end of the long road of  
progress to which man had  
marched itself. It was like  
marching towards a wall of  
thunder and lightning, a wall of  
fire and death.

I could scarcely hold back a horrified  
cry as the scientists ran back their  
wheels. Most falling short as they  
leaped one night! That was a bad  
come to!

I couldn't contain my panic. My hor-  
ror! My revulsion! My despair! And  
even as I ran, I saw the scientists  
by the wall of fire and death!



I heard the voices screaming behind  
me, yelling for me to stop

There was a sudden jarring crush as I  
fell, kicking and clawing to escape  
the animals who had dragged me  
down!



I screamed! Screamed, pleaded, cried! Through tear  
soaked eyes I promised I would never betray my secret. I  
would never tell anyone what I heard!

Yes, I knew my pleas were falling on deaf ears. They could  
not let me go. They dared not, for fear that their human  
secrets would cause global panic and disaster before soon!



No. Their secret must die with me! On the killing bed! I  
was the only one who knew!





I don't know how they'll single out these who will become food from those "fortunate" enough to be fed!



Perhaps the old and useless will die first. It is only logical! And if nothing else, man has always been logical.

Poor, suspicious Pappy Larkin will no doubt follow here! He will be among the next to be cut up, packed aged and shipped to the dinner tables of an unsuspecting humankind!

Poor Pappy! He would never know until the end just how right he had been.

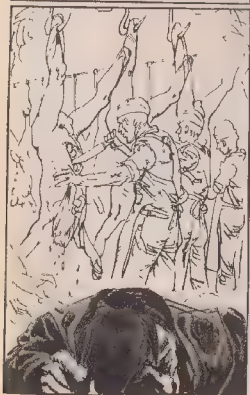


Society will never know, of course. They will be led to believe that the cleaning process has at last been perfected!



Not even the men in the packing plant will know. They will be spared the maddening knowledge that they are butchering their fellow human beings.

There might be suspicion, of course. Yet, in the interest of a full belly, any questions will be quickly forgotten.



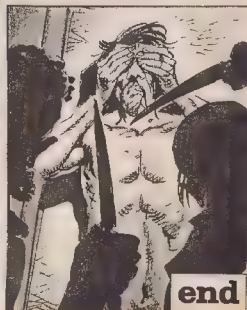
Like the man said, mankind has finally acquired a taste for that... fresh red meat!



My last thoughts are much like those of any man about to die, I suppose. There is fear. Fear of the unknown. Fear especially of the pain!

I pray . . . I pray that my butchers will at least have the humanness to end my life before the skin is peeled from my flesh, or the limbs cut from my body for the grinding machines.

I don't think I have the stomach to watch my own hands ground into fresh red meat!



end




# The Starfire Saga

Author: WILL RICHARDSON . Illustrator: RUDY NEBRES

The night sky explodes with  
starfire, unanticipated battle-  
lines, and the alien warriors  
rally across the enemy planet's  
uncharted terrain.

Tenses, alien eyes, filled with  
hate and longing, stare  
at the enemy's warship  
as it moves through the  
dark, swirling clouds of  
space. The alien warriors  
rally across the enemy planet's  
uncharted terrain.

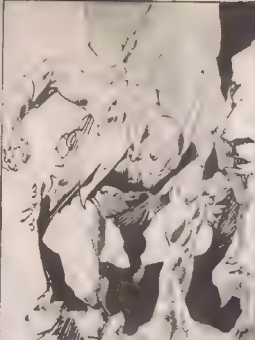





But what were they doing here in the veldt? In his domain? His world?

Suddenly the veldt's stillness was sliced with a nerve numbing scream!

The hunter raced to the jungle's edge towards the pit where he knew the great slithering one dwelled



If they have established a hidden base here, from which to evade the law and strike out at passing ships, he knows he will take great pleasure in blowing it up!



If some other sinister purpose brought the privateers to his hunting grounds well, he'd soon know about that, as well. Yet, one thing was certain no matter what the purpose of the cutthroats, their reasons for being here would be dark, ominous ones.

**AIEEE!**

The instant he had heard the scream he knew what he would find!



H-help meeee!

The hunter had no quarrel with the great tentacled beast. He had known of it almost from the day he had claimed this world as his own.



He had hunted, slaughtered and consumed every type of beast the void placed upon the earth. But he had never seen one of the great tentacled beasts. And he knew that when the time came for him to confront it, it would be a special occasion. And a special kill!



He hadn't realized how special until now!

The girl meant nothing to him. That she was there at all was almost incidental.



His quarrel was with the beast. He hated it. Loathed it, with a deep almost insane fervor.







It existed for one reason alone

... to die slowly and painfully at the whim of the great hunter!



Ughhhn!



Y You've killed it! But you - you're covered with blood!

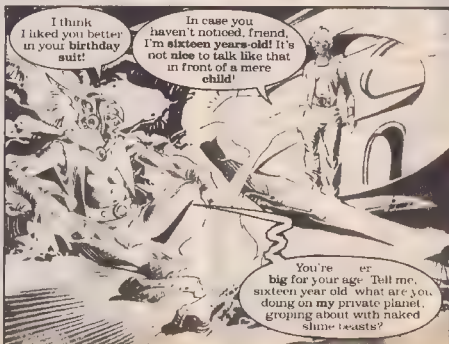
It it wash off! It's not mine! It belongs to old Fingers here!



Fingers?

My name for him I've been meaning to put him out of his misery for some time now. Just never got around to it!

Come on. We can swap him at my hut. I might even have an old pair of knickers to replace the ones our friend ate!



I think I liked you better in your birthday suit!

In case you haven't noticed, friend, I'm sixteen years old! It's not nice to talk like that in front of a mere child!

You're er big for your age. Tell me, sixteen year old, what are you doing on my private planet, groping about with naked slime beasts?

My name is

Chris Starfire.

Everyone's always called me Steamer. I was heading into the frontier looking for my father when pirates attacked my ship.

Glad to meet you, you, Steamer. My name is Sledge... Cassiopa Sledge!

Tell me. Why did the pirates dump you here?

They... they had no more use for me!

You don't have to explain. I've seen some of the victims of frontier privateers. Most are scarred physically as well as emotionally... for life!

That's just it. I don't know! I was with the kindest doctor... and a strange little alien named Drago!

Were there any other survivors in your party?

I don't know what's happened to either of them!

I didn't see the pirates' land. But if they were here for any length of time, there's a good chance they did to your friends exactly what they tried to do to you!

Oh, Cassiopa, you don't think?

But if they, too, were fed to Fingers, we can at least give what remains of them a decent burial!

Watch your step in the creature's cave, Steamer. There's no telling what kind of muck you're able to put your foot into!

No, I don't think your friends are alive!



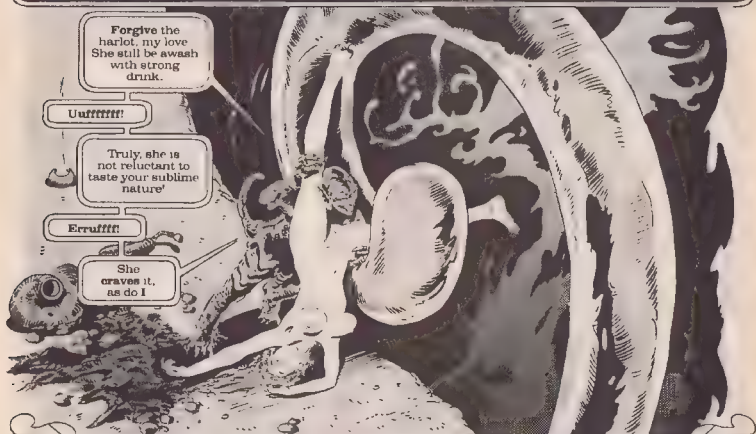


# Ghita

## OF ALIZARR

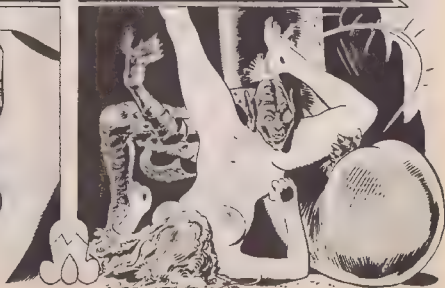
BY FRANK THORNE

Faded is Ghita's dream of routing the Trollian forces from Alizarr. Her ragtag army of Halftrolls waits in the caverns beneath the high Karasian mountains while Ghita and Thanef celebrate the frustrated battleplan with a gussing match in her temple room. As the golden goddess loses consciousness, Sef, the wisened priest of the cavern god, hauls her voluptuous form to the lair of the god-creature Deffil. On a ledge above the abyss, Sef makes his donation to the serpentine deity as Thanef and Dahib speed through the tunnels in an attempt to rescue the warrior maid of Alizarr.



Ghita's senses rally as Sef struggles with his ungainly offering to the creature.

The clank of an irreverent heel upon Sef's reverent dome alters the mood of the ritual.





As China negotiates with the Soviet Union, the two superpowers are the enemies of the planet.

Almost everyone agrees: An opening.

That's the fastest road to the cities and the guts of the mountains.

Great Nebo!  
A behemoth! The  
worst of hell!

Ghita,  
my power!  
I'll get the  
serpent  
backward,  
then break him  
up and send  
them to his  
own!

[illegible]

Tammuz keep her from joining! We pray for your power to aid us.

Oh goddess of Azazel!

On the subject of the role of the press in the development of the United States, the author states that the press has been a major force in the development of the country. The author also states that the press has been a major force in the development of the country.

Looked in the deadly embrace of the mad cleric, Ghita tethers on the brink of the chasm.

Thenef!  
Help me pry  
this one-eyed  
toad off my  
hide!

Caution,  
Dahub, lest  
we knock  
them into  
the cleft.

I'm  
falling!

The wizard grasps at Ghita in vain. His fingers close upon the thing circling her neck.

Here we  
come, my love  
The harlot  
longs to feel  
your  
baptismal  
embrace

Thenef!

The magical gun and its pouch remain in Thenef's hand as she drops.

As if in slow motion, the woman and the crazed half troll spin off into the blackness. Left behind are Ghita's hopes. With her passing, Aikser would remain under Trollian rule. Nergon's armies would roll across the horizons of the known world. Man and Half troll would forever be servant to the conquering Troll hordes.



The screams of the reborn woman echo through the hollow heart of the mountain as the silver tentacles above the shadowy chasm. A sign, like the moan of ten thousand damned souls, rises from below. Suddenly, a sliver of bioluminescence briefly reveals an object of colossal size lurking in the pit.



Ghita!

Goddess!  
She enters the place  
of demons!

She cannot  
be there alone!  
We must join  
her!

Don't  
be a  
fool,  
Dahub!

By the  
beard of  
Rahmuz! For a  
moment I  
thought I saw  
a dimly lit  
city at the  
floor of the  
crater!

She is lost to the ministrations of death!

She is  
lost to the  
ministrations  
of  
death!



Dahib, seized with anguish, storms along the rim of the yawning chasm.

In an impetuous act of valor, the Half troll leaps into the pit...

... leaving the un-valorous Thant behind, still clutching the gem.

Nay! Nay!  
Wizard, nay,  
never!  
Gordian  
is not lost!

I must  
be by her  
side!

I come, my  
goddess!

Ghita  
Dahib  
is the name  
of Thunur  
I...

Thant had seen of sacred mushrooms in a shaman's hut at Dolmu. He knew well the drug-induced visions that filled with the hallucinations of madness. He thought, the wizard who had been his ally at last found the far edge of sanity. Here he lay, in this pit, on the mountain and crevices of his own. The great wizard's body was fused with greenish light. The gods grow restless a warning to the adventures of the shaman's subterranean air.





The spongy surface of the protocean beast receives Ghita's naked form with a sigh of unconcern. The woman struggles to comprehend her new surroundings as Sef slouches around her, staring expectantly. It is now, he is certain, that the aced demigoddess will be purged!

What is this place? By the breath of Noh, I must have truly landed in hell!

Heaven! You are arrived in Heaven! You shall know the chastening power of the supreme god!

Now your breasts will shrivel like prunes, and steam will shoot forth from your naval!

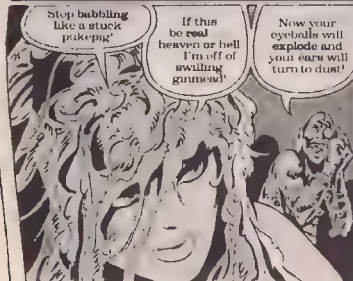


Ghita studies the unearthly terrain like a newly arrived flea on the back of a restless dog.

Stop babbling like a stuck pukepig!

If this be real heaven or hell I'm off of swilling gunmead!

Now your eyeballs will explode and your ears will turn to dust!

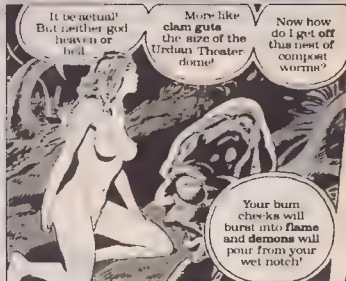


Sef rants on, outlining the details of Ghita's torment, which seems delayed, or mercifully revolved.

It be actual! But neither god heaven or hell.

More like clam guts the size of the Urdian Theater dome!

Now how do I get off this nest of compost worms?



Your bum cheeks will burst into flame and demons will pour from your wet notch!

My notch is short of demons, but I'll favor you and pee on your god for all the divinity it harbors.

Blaspheming harlot! The all merciful has chosen to spare you!



But not his priest!



A black and white comic book illustration depicting a scene of physical assault. In the foreground, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark bikini, is being pinned to the ground by a large, muscular, ape-like creature. The creature has a broad chest, thick arms, and a determined, somewhat menacing expression. The woman is looking up at the creature with a pained or surprised expression. In the background, another similar creature is visible, standing and looking towards the viewer. The setting is a dense jungle with large, curved tree trunks and thick foliage. The style is characteristic of classic comic book art, with bold lines and dramatic shading.

Dahib must strike with unerring accuracy! He calmly views his frenzied quarry . . .



A black and white photograph of a tiger in a jungle setting. The tiger is positioned in the lower right, looking towards the left. It is surrounded by large, round fruits, possibly coconuts, and dense foliage. The image has a high-contrast, almost graphic quality.



Death has been the result of a number of factors, including the lack of medical attention, the lack of food and water, and the lack of shelter. The lack of medical attention is the most significant factor, as it has led to the death of many people who could have survived if they had received proper medical care. The lack of food and water is also a major factor, as it has led to the death of many people who could have survived if they had access to food and water. The lack of shelter is also a major factor, as it has led to the death of many people who could have survived if they had access to shelter.

The two are shown in the gap between the monster and the heroine and at the top of the page. The monster is a large, dark, and somewhat abstract figure with a long, thin neck and a small, round head. The heroine is a smaller, more human figure with a long, flowing hair and a small, round head. The gap between them is a dark, rectangular area. The text is in a stylized, gothic font.

The thing  
moves like an  
earthquake?

Conclusion

We're stuck here  
like a wood splinter in  
a wedge of a sliding  
log

It pushes  
against the  
Pressure of  
the world

You  
are walking  
in the sun  
and stop!

Damn Tammuz!  
Frig Baal :  
Puke : Nebo and  
Zebek I'm  
being  
squashed!





Amended  
The Commission  
Thursdays

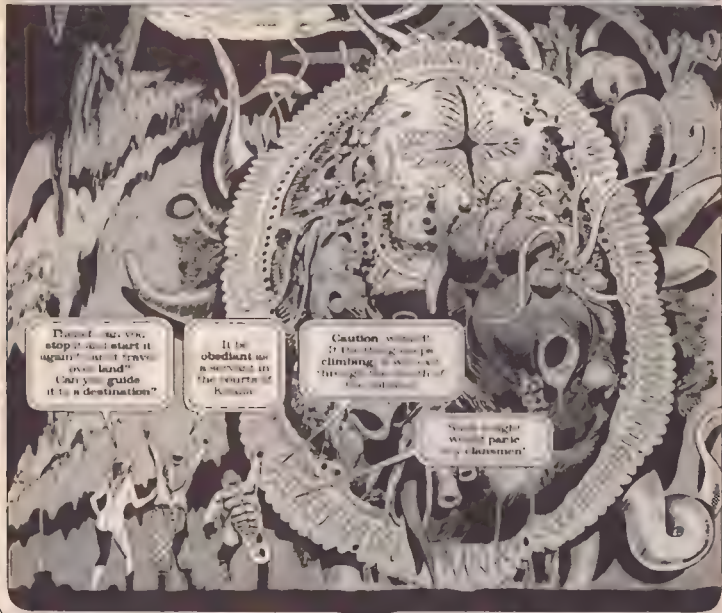
**Barometer rule** used to

C. The following statements are all true. Which statement describes upward movement? The upward movement is from the bottom to the top.

up up up

Thereof: The number of  
...  
...  
...

Above the chamber of the crown beast is the twisting vent tunnel that leads to the great opening at the top of the volcano. The shaft is wide, an ample avenue of escape for Kull, the protomani god-creature of the caves.



"Travel on, you stop and start it again, but it travels over land!"  
"Only you guide it to a destination?"

"It is obedient as a servant in the courts of Kullam."

"Caution, watch it! If the thing keeps climbing, we must through the mouth of the beast!"

"You might want to parley with the clowns!"

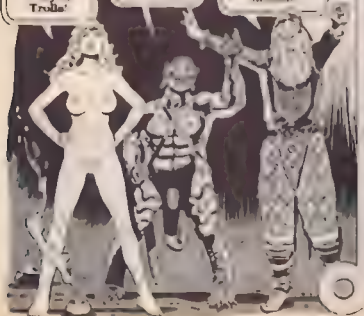
"Such a sight would frighten an army of Trolls!"

"An Army of trolls? Not Aliazur!"

"It's enough to frighten the King and two armies."

"Drill over the jagged rock. He will smash through the walls of Aliazur, and our troops will follow him into the city."

"If there be any Trolls left after our pagans come, we'll have a round of roasted 'evil pigs'!"





Then, using the power of the gem, orders Drell to settle back into his nest. Like a giant sword, the monster returns to its slumber. It will wait in the belly of the volcano until the wizard gives the order to rise and lumber south, to Alhamar.



By noon the following day, the battle plans are set. Ghita is ablaze. Within her the spirit of Khan-Dagan, the warrior general senses the coming of warfare. Together they would execute a daring plan.

Our troops and the mage-mant will approach Alzamir at high sun after tomorrow my goddesses

Now I go to my city

I will enter the gates unarmed and demand an audience with Nergon, the usurper of Khan's throne

Mad men!

He'll toy with you like a cat with a mouse then skin you alive

Perhaps. But it may be my one chance to corner the dung eater and kill him



You can't wish me a glorious chance of success!

We join you in two suns the dawn

Take my flask! It is the well of valor!



Unlabeled! It is neither courage nor the father of dreams!

I'll douse my nubs with it for good luck!

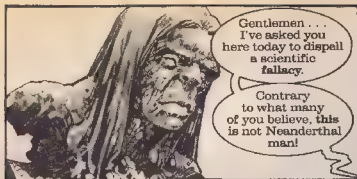
but the taste of it stink!



I drink it loud with a draft of Nergon's blood!



Don't be too disappointed Ghita! She's still with you! She's just a little bit of a coward! But she's a coward who's ready to die for you!



# VOYAGE to the BOTTOM of the BARREL

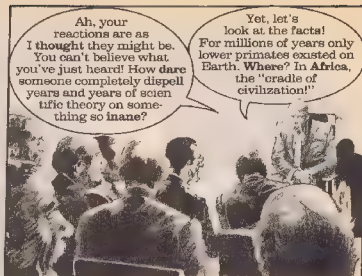






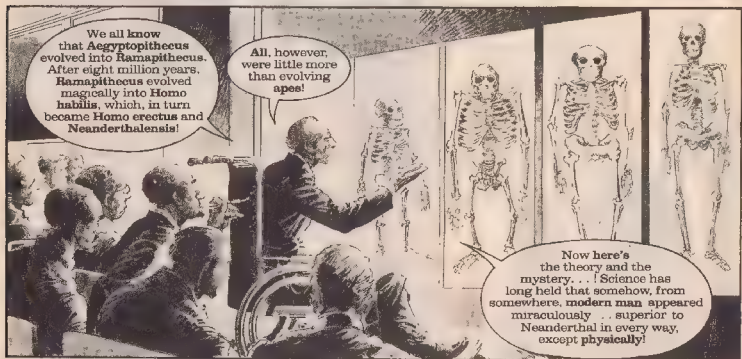
Nice boy, that Willie Got a lot of natural rhythm!

We shall ova-cuusumm!



Ah, your reactions are as I thought they might be. You can't believe what you've just heard! How dare someone completely dispell years and years of scientific theory on something so inane?

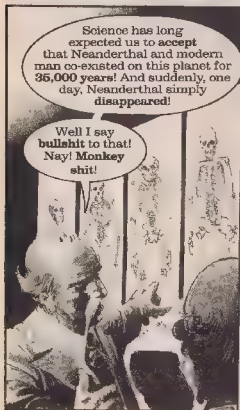
Yet, let's look at the facts! For millions of years only lower primates existed on Earth. Where? In Africa, the "cradle of civilization!"



We all know that Aegyptopithecus evolved into Ramapithecus. After eight million years, Ramapithecus evolved magically into Homo habilis, which, in turn became Homo erectus and Neanderthalensis!

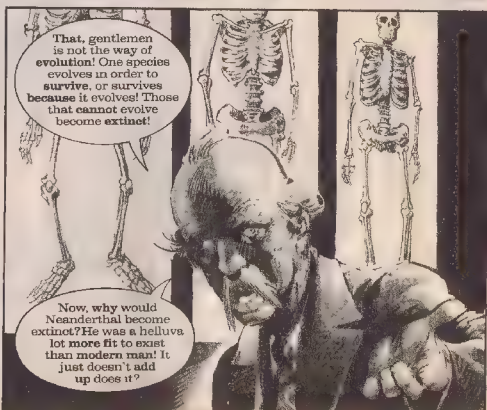
All, however, were little more than evolving apes!

Now here's the theory and the mystery. . . ! Science has long held that somehow, from somewhere, modern man appeared miraculously . . . superior to Neanderthal in every way, except physically!



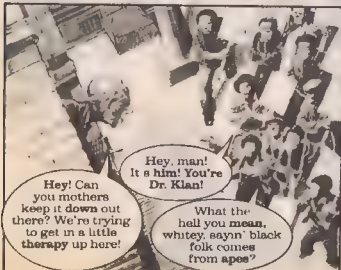
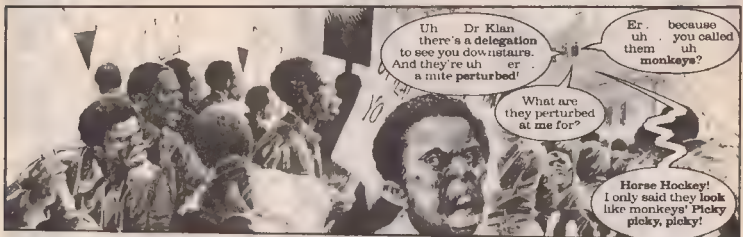
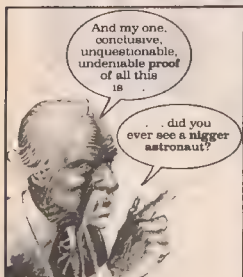
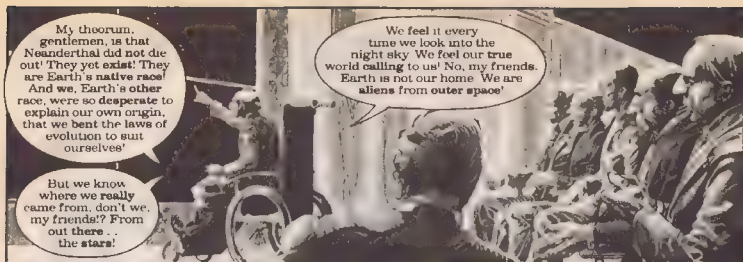
Science has long expected us to accept that Neanderthal and modern man co-existed on this planet for 35,000 years! And suddenly, one day, Neanderthal simply disappeared!

Well I say bullshit to that! Nay! Monkey shit!

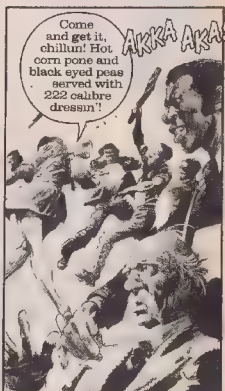
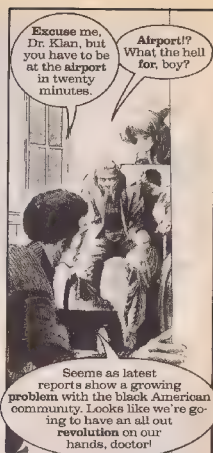
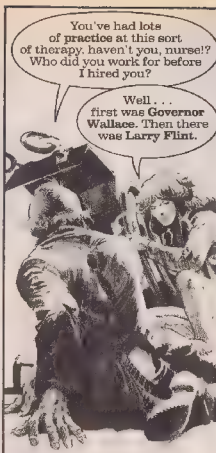
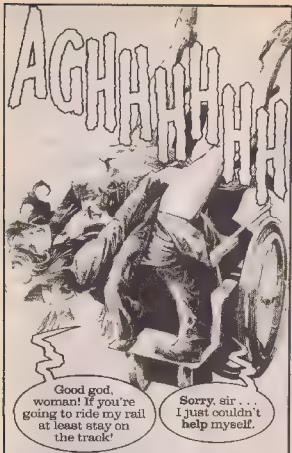


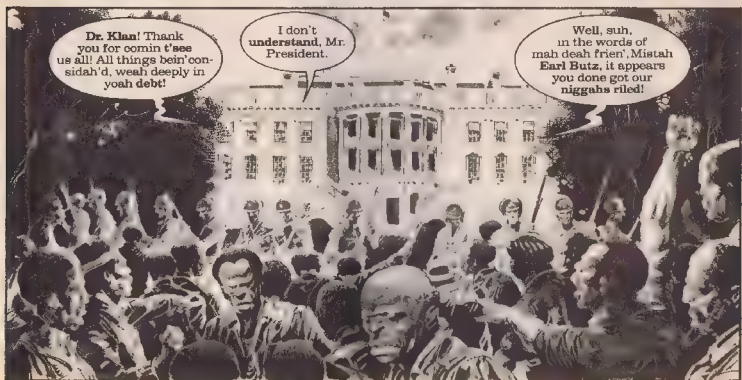
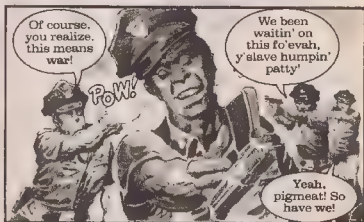
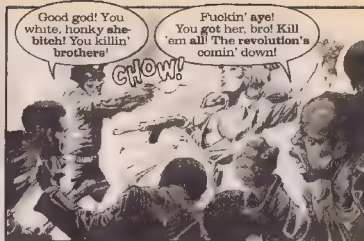
That, gentlemen is not the way of evolution! One species evolves in order to survive, or survives because it evolves! Those that cannot evolve become extinct!

Now, why would Neanderthal become extinct? He was a helluva lot more fit to exist than modern man! It just doesn't add up does it?

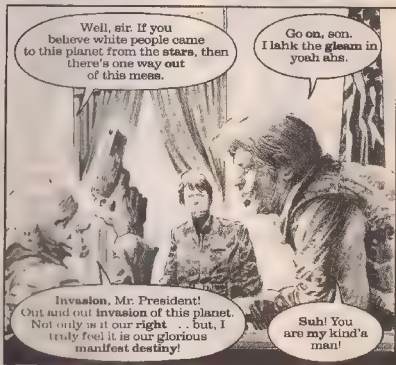
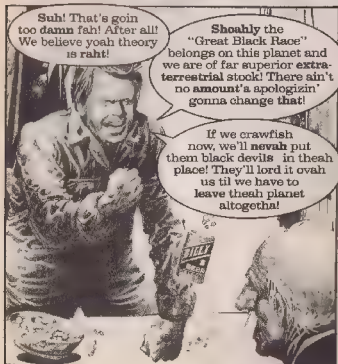
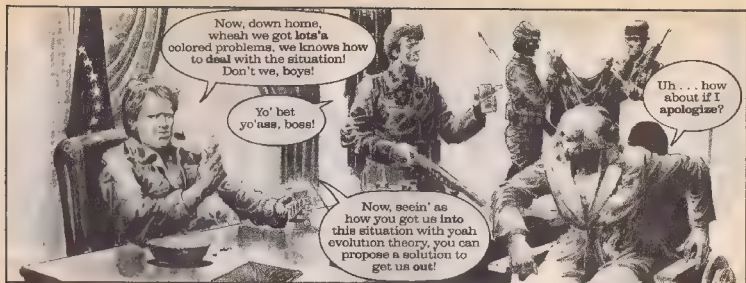


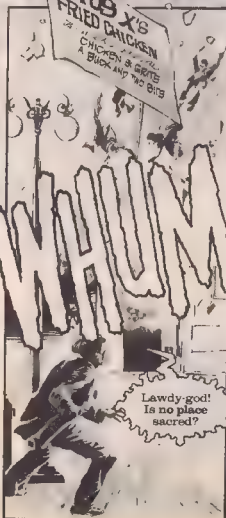




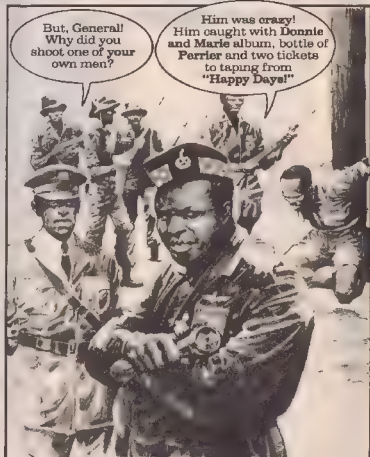
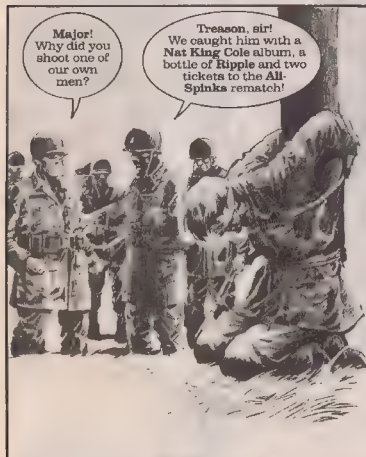


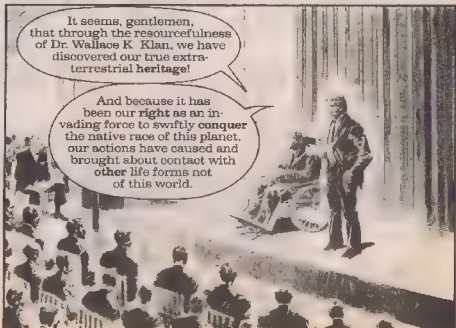
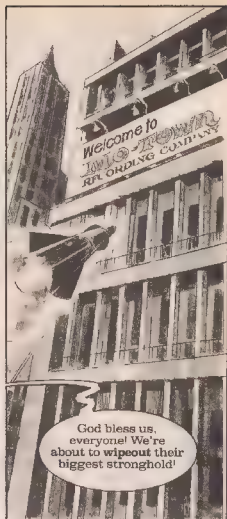
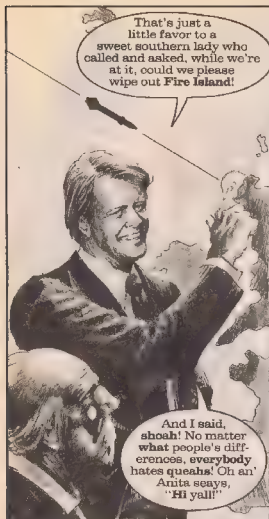














Not twenty-four hours ago, we received a message from outer space. It was addressed to . . . "Earth leader Orson Welles!"

It reads as follows: "We hear radio message. Say Martians have invade. Take long time message reach us. We come soon. All people be free. No fear. We come as brothers."

And so, my friends, it is a red letter day for our kind. We have conquered a world and will soon be reunited with our heritage from beyond the stars.

Let us all repair to welcome our benevolent brothers who have mistakenly come to our aid! They picked up on an old radio broadcast and think we have been invaded by Martians.

We must greet them with good will and brotherhood and let them know that we are not in danger!

I can't begin to tell you how much fun all this has been, Mr. President. Still, one can't help but feel a little sorry for the blacks. I'd sure hate to be in their shoes right now!

Well, let's look smart! Here come our brothers from the stars! Maybe they'll even know where our race originally came from!

Holy Shit! Those are our "brothers?"

Wh-hey may be somebody's brothers, sir! But I've got a bad feeling that they aren't ours!

Martians! Kill the Martians! Eat hot rays, you bed-wetters, puny-peckered pie-faced canal diggers!

Oh, lawdy . . . this is the bottom of the barrel, doctah! Ah think we really fucked up, this tahn!

Soul Train wigs  
Very Soulful Nigs

There's only one thing left to do, Mr. President. If you can't beat 'em—!



Orson Welles,  
I presume?

Sho'  
nuff, bro'  
Sho' nuff!

Y'all got  
heah in the nick  
o'tahm!

Now, hows  
'bout some possum  
pie, turnip greens  
and potlucker after  
yer harrowin'  
journey!

How'm ah  
doin'  
doetan?

Just keep  
shuckin an jivin  
baby. Just keep  
shuckin an'  
jivin.

Say heah,  
momma, you sho  
lookin fahn too-nite!  
Whut say me and you ease  
on down, ease on down  
the road?



Y'know,  
maybe it'll all  
turn out okay.  
ahnyway. They say,  
"once you go black,  
you'll never  
go back!"

Yeah! But  
the first time  
you call me a nigger,  
I'll whip the white  
off yo' givr  
ass!

Oh yeah?  
Yo momma!

end







Book of the top Sci-Fi artist in the United States. It contains 35 full color paintings and 75 sketches including posters & art from book covers. This book also contains an introduction by the Amazing Azmor who, as usual puts things into a new light. This is a spectacular 8 1/2" x 11" softcover edition that is destined to be a classic! #21264/\$7.95

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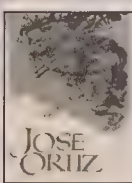
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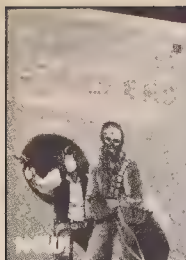
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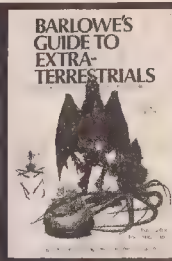
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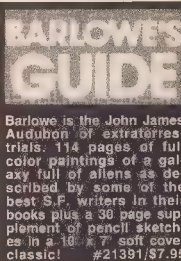
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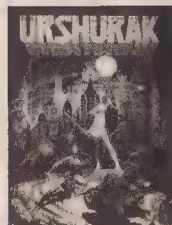
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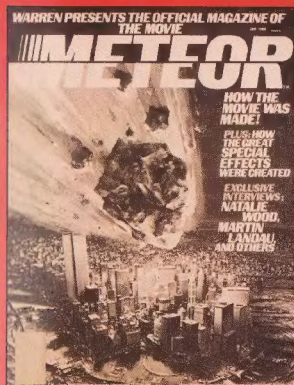
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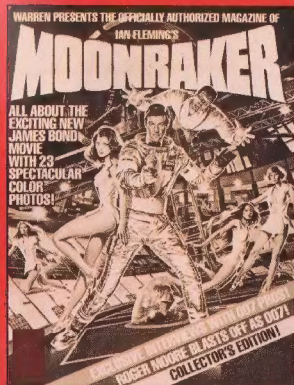
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